

'L E N D I M I O N E .
S E R E N A T A .

Del Signore l'Abbate

PIETRO METASTASIO
ROMANO.

L A M U S I C A

Del Signore

D. NICOLAO SABATINI
NAPOLITANO.

Si come fu pubblicamente rappresentata, in Sostegno d'una

C A R I T A ,

Dalle DAME e da i CAVALIERI che
costituiscono l'ACADEMIA di MUSICA
IN DUBLINO, L'ANNO 1758.

IN DUBLINO

Dal Torchio di GUGLIELMO SLEATER,
STAMPATORE dell' ACADEMIA,
al Segno della Testa di POPE sopra Cork-hill.

MDCCLVIII.

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MDCCLVIII.

ENDYMION.

A

SERENATA.

By the Abbé

PETER METASTASIO
OF ROME.

SET TO MUSICK

By Signor

D. NICHOLAS SABATINI
OF NAPLES.

As it was publickly performed, in Support of a

CHARITY.

By the LADIES and GENTLEMEN who
constitute the MUSICAL ACADEMY
IN DUBLIN; IN THE YEAR 1758.

DUBLIN:

Printed by WILLIAM SLEATER,
PRINTER to the ACADEMY,
at the Sign of POPE'S Head on Cork-hill.

MDCCLVIII.

ENDYMION.

SERENATA.

PETER MESSIASIO

SET TO MUSIC

D. NICHOLAS LABATINI



CHARITY

By the Ladies and Gentlemen who
constitute the Musical Academy
in Dublin, in the Year 1768.

DUBLIN

Printed by William Stanger,
Printer to the Academy,
at the sign of the Horse and Cart, in
St. James's Street.

MDCCLXVIII



Advertisement to the Audience.

THE Recitatives being found too long, every Scene, Line or half Line, which doth not bear before it this Mark [“ ”] will be omitted in the publick Performance.





INTERLOCUTORI.

DIANA.

AMORE, - - in abito di Cacciatore sotto
nome di Alceste.

ENDIMIONE.

NICE, - - Compagna di Diana.

CORO - - de' Amanti fortunati.

CORO - - de' Amanti sfortunati.

La SCENA si finge in CARIA

nelle Falde del Monte Latmo.





PERSONS of the DRAMA.

DIANA.

CUPID, - - disguised in an Hunter's Dress,
and called Alcestes.

ENDYMION.

NYSA, - - one of Diana's Nymphs.

CHORUS - - of successful Lovers.

CHORUS - - of unsuccessful Lovers.

SCENE, CARIA

amongst the Vallies of Mount Latmos.

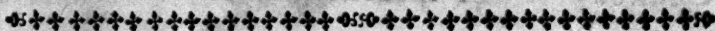




L'ENDIMIONE.

ATTO PRIMO

SCENA PRIMA.



DIANA, NICE.

DIA.



ICE, Nice, che fai?" Non odi
come

Garriscon' tra le frondi
De floridi Arboscelli
I matutini Augelli,
Che al rosseggiar' del Gange

Escono a consolar' l' Alba che piange?

E tu, mentre fiammeggia

Su l' Indico Orizzonte

Co' primi Rai la rinascente Aurora

Placida dormi, e non ti desti ancora?



ENDYMION.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE THE FIRST.



DIANA, NYSA.

DIA.



YSA, *what says thee, Nyssa?" hear'st
thou not*

*How from this flow'ry Brake of per-
fum'd Shrubs,*

*With the first Ray that gleams o'er
purpled Ganges*

*The feather'd Morning-Choir start forth to meet
And chanting solace the Dew-weeping Dawn?
But Thou, while India's whole Horizon flames
With bright Aurora's first returning Splendour,
Sleep'st tranquil, nor dost yet thy Couch forsake.*

E poi dirai: son' io
Della casta Diana
La fortunata Nice
Compagna Cacciatrice;
" Lascia, lascia le piume"
Neghittosa che sei, " forgi " e raguna
Per la futura Caccia
Da i lor' Soggiorni fuori
Silvia, Aglaura, Nerina, Irene e Clori.

N I C E.

" Tu mi condanni a torto,
Bella Dea delle Selve! e quando mai
O per scosceso Monte,
O per erta Pendice,
A seguir' l'orme tue fu lenta Nice?"
Fra quante a te Compagne
Gli Strali, e l'arco d'or' trattaron' mai
Seguace più fedel' di me non hai,
Ed or, perché un' momento
Forse più dell' ufato
A Sonno mi abbandono,
Neghittosa mi chiami, e pigra io sono.

D I A.

" Ah Nice! tu non sei
" Quale un' tempo ti vidi;" Or' presso al Fonte
Ricomponi ed adorni,
Fuor' del tuo Stil', con troppo cura, il Crine:
Erri per le Montagne
Solitaria, e divisa

Dall'

Yet wilt thou shamelessly proclaim thyself
The chaste Diana's favourite Compeer,
Her Sister of the active Chace! "Rise, Sluggard!"
"Quit, quit the lazy Down:" Rouse from their Beds
My drowsy Nymphs; assemble all: Nerina,
Aglaura, Sylvia, Chloris and Irene,—
See, they be ready for the Hunt——

N Y S A.

— — — — — "unjustly
"Thou blam'st me, beauteous Goddess of the Woods!
"Name but the time, when Nysa e'er was slack
"Thy steps to follow, up the craggy Mountain,
"Or down the hanging Precipice." Look round
'Mongst all thy Nymphs who from the golden Bow
Unerring send the Shaft, none shalt thou see
A Follower more faithful than thy Nysa.
But chancing, now, one moment past my wont
Soft Slumber to indulge, thou call'st me, Sluggard;
And lazy am I grown.— — — — —

D I A.

— — — — — "ah Nysa, Nysa!
"Much art thou chang'd from what I once beheld thee."
Now, bending o'er the Fountain's liquid Chrystal
I catch thee, all-employ'd about thy Dress
And combing or adorning thy smooth Tresses;
Arts, once, despis'd! Now, lonely, and sequester'd

From

Dall' amate Compagne,

Più le Fere non curi;

“ Sempre pensi e sospiri, e porti impressi

“ I nuovi Affetti tuoi nel tuo Sembiante:

“ O Diana non sono, o Nice é Amante.

N I C E.

“ Amante!

D I A.

“ il tuo Rossore,

“ Più sincero del Labbro, accusa il Cuore.

A R I A. I.

“ Non ti celar' con Me

“ Un' certo non so Che

“ Nel tuo rossor' mi dice

“ Che Nice

“ Arde di Amor'.

“ Sei Rea, se Amante sei;

“ Ma nel' celar' lo Strale

“ Fai, con delitto eguale,

“ Oltraggio al tuo Candor.”

N I C E.

“ Dunque fallace ancora

“ Tu mi credi — —

D I A.

“ Non più: taci.” Che ormai

Per le lucide vie si avanza in Cielo

L'alto Nume di Delo;

E col calido Raggio

De'

*From all thy fond Companions, o'er the Mountains
Devious the roam'st, nor is the Chace thy care.*

" Whence is that thoughtful Gloom? why bursts the Sigh

" Incessant from thy Breast? — thy ev'ry Look

" Conscious betrays the Change in thy Affections —

" Oh Nyssa! surely as Diana lives,

" Her Vot'refs is become the slave of Love.

NYSSA.

" Of Love! — — — —

DIA.

" — — Nyssa, too true, thy red'ning Cheek,

" Less fraudulent than thy Tongue, arraigns thy Heart.

AIR I.

" Think not, fond Maid with vain disguise

" To 'scape Diana's searching Eyes;

" The tell-tale Blush too plainly proves

" That Nyssa burns, that Nyssa loves.

" Guiltless she cannot love; from Me

" Her Love withdraws her Loyalty:

" Like Outrage must her Candour feel

" If she the guilty Flame conceal.

NYSSA.

" Still then Diana thinks me insincere. — —

DIA.

*" Enough: be silent. " See, already Phæbus
Much of his journey, thro' Heav'n's lucid Path,
Hath measur'd and with fervid ray the Drops*

Sweeps

De' ruggiadosi Umori
 L' Erbe rasciuga, e impoverisce i Fiori.
 Vanne; e pronte al mio cenno
 Le Compagne risveglia, i Veltri aduna,
 E teco pensa in tanto,
 Che Ninfa a Me diletta
 Io non vuo che si dica
 Di Amor' seguace e di Diana amica.

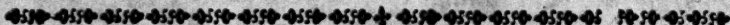
N I C E.

“ Io taccio alla tua Legge:
 “ Ma poi dall' Opra mia
 “ Vedrai se amante, o Cacciatrice io sia.

A R I A II.

“ Perché copra al Sole il Volto
 “ Basso Umore in aria accolto,
 “ Men' lucente il Sol' non è.
 “ Tale ancor' ne' Detti tuoi
 “ Mi condanni, e rea mi vuoi
 “ Ma non perde il suo Candore
 “ Il mio Cuore
 “ E la mia Fe.

[parte.



S C E N A S E C O N D A.

AMORE, DIANA.

A M O.

“ Bella Diva di Cinto!
 “ Non isdegnar', che un' umile Pastorello
 “ Tuo Compagno si faccia, e tuo seguace.

D I A.

*Swept from the Grass and suck'd the Dew-drain'd Flowers.
Go: bid thy Co-mates quick attend my Orders;
Collect the Hounds; and think on This, the while,
I like not, that my fav'rite Nymph be deem'd
At once Love's Pupil and Diana's Inmate.*

NYSA.

*" My tongue doth pay obedience to your Will:
" But, henceforth, let my Conduct be the Proof
" Which Nysa is, a Lover, or an Huntress.*

AIR II.

*" What tho' thick humid Vapours rise
" And shroud the Sun from mortal Eyes;
" Yet his bright Orb to th' upper Skies
 " With equal splendour burns:
" So, tho' thy Charge my Truth arraigns,
" Pure my Fidelity remains,
" My Heart it's Candour still retains
 " And th' Imputation scorns.*

[goes out.

SCENE THE SECOND.

CUPID, DIANA.

CUP.

*" Bright Cynthia Goddess! in thy spotless Train,
" A lowly Shepherd-swain gracious vouchsafe,
" As follower and Companion, to admit.*

C

DIA.

D I A.

“ Chi sei tu? donde vieni? e qual' Desio

“ A passeggiar' ti tragge

“ Queste felici Piagge?

A M O.

“ Alceste e il Nome mio; di Cipro in seno

“ Aperse i lumi ai primi rai del giorno :”

E fin' da' miei Natali

Fu mio dolce Pensier l' Arco e gli Strali.

Ma perche di sue Prede

Povero ho fatto il mio natio Paese,

Desioso ne vengo a nuove Imprese.

D I A.

E tu fancullo ancora,

Osi aggravare il mal sicuro Fianco

Di pesante Faretra, e non ti arresti

Delle Fere omicide il Dente e l' Ira?

A M O.

Benche Fanicullo sia

Questa tenera mano

Un' Dardo non ha ancor scoccato in vano.

Ben' della mia Poffanza.

Darti sicuro Pegno

Coll' Opre più, che col' Parlar' mi giova

Qual' io mi sia, te n' avvedrai per Prova.

D I A.

Orgoglioſetto Alceſte,

Quel' tuo Parlar' vivace

Troppo ardito mi ſembra, e pur mi piace.

Mio Compagno ti accetto;

Or' tu l'armi prepara,

Pronto mi ſiegui, e le mie Leggi impara.

A M O.

D I A.

"Who and Whence art thou? by what motive urg'd
"Tread'st thou these happy Plains? — — —

C U P.

" — — — — — My name, Alcestes;
"Cyprus, my place of Birth:" and from my Cradle,
To bend the Bow, to aim aright the Dart
Hath been my Study and my Occupation.
Now, having thin'd my native Land of Prey
Hither I fare in search of nobler Game.

D I A.

And can'st Thou, Stripling as thou art, support
The weighty Quiver on thy feeble Shoulder?
(Unstrung as yet, thy Nerves!) and, daunt thee not
The Wild Boar's churning rage and deadly Tooth?

C U P.

Young tho' I be, tho' tender seem this Arm,
It deals sure Fate, nor, hitherto, hath err'd.
But, by my Deeds, my Prowess to make known
Wou'd more become me, than by boasting Words:
First prove, then learn to estimate, my Worth.

D I A.

The little arrogant!—this lively Vaunt,
Bold tho' it be, mislikes me not, Alcestes.
Companion of our Sports I do receive thee:
Haste thee, prepare thine Arms, thy Bow, thy Spear,
And follow me alert — — but, above all,
Observe my Laws. — — — — —

C 2

What

A M O.

E quai fon' le tue Leggi?

D I A

Chi, delle Selve amico
Volge a Diana il cuore,
Siegua le Fere, e non ricetti Amore.

A M O.

E perche tanto Sdegno
Contro un' placido Nume,
Per cui solo hà la Terra, ed an' le Sfere
E Vaghezza, e Piacere?

D I A,

Se de' Mortali in seno
Ei versa il suo Veleno,
Fra bellicosi sdegni
Ardono le Città, cadono i Regni.

A M O.

Anzi nel dolce fuoco
Degli amorosi sdegni
Propagan le Città, crescono i Regni;

D I A.

Son' compagni di Amore
Le Guerre ed il Furore.

A M O.

E di Amore son' seguaci
Le Lusinghe e le Paci.

D I A.

Or' fu, teco non voglio
Consumar' vaneggiando il tempo in vano.
Se me seguir' tu vuoi
Amante esser' non puoi.

A M O.

Perdonami, Diana,

" Tuo

CUP.

— — : — *What are thy Laws, fair Queen?*

DIA.

*Whoe'er, addicted to the woodland Sports,
Inclines his heart to join Diana's Train,
Must totally devote him to the Chase,
Renouncing wanton Cupid's giddy Sway.*

CUP.

*Why all this rancour, this inveterate Hate
Against so mild a Deity, to whom
The Earth and ev'n the Mansions of the Gods
Owe all they have of Beauty and Delight?*

DIA.

*Because, when once his Poison is infus'd
Thro' mortal Veins, straight in the Waste of War
Cities are burn'd and Realms and States subverted.*

CUP.

*And when his gentle Flame creeps thro' the Veins,
Soon in the tumults of his pleasing Warfare
Cities are peopled, Realms and States enlarg'd,*

DIA.

Cupid's Associates are fell War and Fury.

CUP.

Yet, are his Train, soft Dalliance and Peace.

DIA.

*Away — no longer will I waste the hours
In idle Contest — if thou follow me
Thou must not be a Lover — — —*

CUP.

— — — *calm thy Anger,* *Potent*

“ Tuo Compagno esser’ bramo;
 “ Ma, di doppio Desio mi scaldo il Cuore: — —
 “ Amante e Cacciatore
 “ Vuo, con egual’ Piacere,
 “ Ferir’ le Ninfe e sequitar’ le Fere.

D I A.

“ Temerario Fanciullo.
 “ Partì da gli Occhi miei.”
 Perché Fanciullo sei
 Alla debolle Età l’ error’ perdono;
 “ Se tal’ non fossi, allora
 “ Più saggio apprenderesti
 “ A non tentar’ co’ Detti’ il mio Rigore.”

[parte.]

A M O.

Dall’ ira tua mi salvarebbe Amore.

S C E N A T E R Z A:

AMORE solo.

“ Và pute; dovunque vai,
 “ Da Me non fuggirai.”
 No; non fia ver’, che sola
 Fra i Numi e fra Mortali
 Tu non senti i miei Strali; e vada illesa
 Dalle soavi mie fiamme feconde
 Da cui non son’ sicuri i sassi e l’ Onde.

A R I A III.

“ Quel’ Ruscelletto
 “ Che l’onde chiare
 “ Or, or’ co’l Mare
 “ Confonderà;
 “ Nel mormorio
 “ Del Fuoco mio

Colle

Potent Diana. — — “ ’Tis my first Ambition
 “ To be thy Follower ; but still my Bosom
 “ Glows with like Zeal, Lover at once and Hunter
 “ The Nymphs to vanquish and the Beasts to chase.

DEA.

“ Rash Boy, avoid my Sight ; ” — to thy weak years
 This Error I forgive — — “ hadst thou been elder,
 “ Prudence had curb’d thy too licentious tongue,
 “ And taught thee, ’tis not safe to tempt my Wrath. —

ATRAUANE [goes out.
 CUP.

Love wou’d have over-ruled thy fiercest Wrath —

SCENE THE THIRD.

CUPID alone.

“ Go then ; but, wheresoe’er thou turn’st thy Steps,
 “ From Me thou can’st not fly ” — let it not be,
 That Thou alone of Mortals and of Gods
 Art Proof against my Darts — can’st pass unscorb’d
 By Fires, against whose universal Influence
 Rocks in their hardness, in their coldness Rivers
 Have vainly hop’d security — — — — —

AIR III.

“ That Rill which hastes it’s limpid Stream
 “ To mingle with the Main,
 “ Purls to its Banks and all its Theme
 “ Is Cupid’s potent Reign.

That

“ Colle sue sponde

“ Parlando vò.

“ Quel Augelletto

“ Ch' arde di amore,

“ E ferba al piede,

“ Ma non al cuore

“ La Liberta:

“ In sua favella

“ Per la sua Bella,

“ Che ancor' non riede,

“ Piangendo sta.”

[parte.

SCENA QUARTA:

NICE, ENDIMIONE.

NICE.

Care Sele romite,

Un' tempo a me gradite,

E del crudo Idol' mio meno inumane!

Deh, lasciate ch' io sfoghi

Delle vostr' Ombre almeno,

Col taciturno orrore,

Se con non altri non posso, il mio Dolore.

END.

Leggiadra Nice, —

NICE.

(Ecco il Crudel) che brami?

END.

Dimmi, vedesti a forte,

Fuggir' per la Foresta,

Da miei Cani seguito

Un Cavriol' ferito?

NICE.

" That little Songster of the Grove
 " Who am'rous hops from Spray to Spray
 " Captive of Heart, tho' free of Wing;
 " Seems to its heedless Mate to sing
 " Some Plaint of unrewarded Love;
 " A pity-moving Lay."

[goes out.

SCENE THE FOURTH.

NYSA, ENDYMION.

NYSA.

Dear solitary Woods, once my Delight!
 Less savage than my heart's obdurate Idol,
 Ah suffer that at least I vent my Sorrows
 Amid the silent horrors of your Gloom,
 Since to no other I can dare reveal them.

ENDY.

Tell me, fair Nyssa, — — — — —

NYSA.

— — — — here he comes, (my Tyrant)

What woud'st thou, Swain? — — — — —

ENDY.

— — — — — pray, tell me,

Saw'st thou, perchance, scour this way, thro' the Forest
 A wounded Roe, close hunted by my Dogs?

D

NYSA.

NICE.

Il Cavriol' non vidi ;
 Ma ferbo un' altra Preda
 Avvezza a tollerar' le tue ferite ;
 E forse ancor, ' di quella
 Che cerchi tu, piu manfueta e bella.

ENDI.

Tu meco scherzi, o Nice ;
 Se il Cavriol' vedesti,
 Me'l addita, e me'l rendi .

NICE.

Io già te'l dissi,
 Che veduto non l'ò.

ENDI.

Fin' dall' Aurora
 Gli offesi con un' dardo il destro Lato ;
 Indi dal Colle al Prato,
 Dal Poggio al Fonte, e dalla Selva al Piano
 Ne cercho l'orme, e mi affatico in vano.

NICE.

Se questa ai tu perduta,
 Non mancano altre Fere alla foresta. —
 Deh ! meco il Passo arresta ;
 Forse che a questo Fonte
 La fete, il Caso, o la tua Sorte il Guida.
 Tu posa in tanto il Fianco
 Su'l margine odoroso
 Di quel' limpido Rio ;
 (Il vuo dir' tuo malgrado) Idolo mio.

ENDI.

Nice, s'e ver' che m' ami,
 Che la mia Pace brami,

Con

N Y S A.

*The Roe I saw not : but I have in keeping
Another Quarry (ah too well inur'd
To wounds of thy inflicting!) and perhaps
Tamer and handsomer than That thou seek'st.*

E N D Y.

*Thou mock'st me, Nyssa; if thou hast the Roe
Shew and restore it to me — — —*

N Y S A.

*— — — — — — I already
Have told thee that I saw it not — —*

E N D Y.

*— — — — — — at dawn
My dart in his right Side I lodg'd, and, since,
From Hill to Mead, from th' Upland to the Spring,
Thence to the Wood and then along the Lawn
I seek his Track and tire myself in vain.*

N Y S A.

*Tho' This be lost, these Forests are well stock'd — —
Ah! stay with me thy steps: here, to this fountain,
Thirst or Fatigue or Pain or thy good Luck
Haply may guide him — Thou, stretch out, the while,
And rest thy languid Limbs, my lovely Idol!
(So, 'spite of thee, 'spite of myself, I call thee)
Along the flow'ry Margin of this Brook.*

E N D Y.

*Nyssa, if it be true that you so love me,
And wish my Satisfaction, cease to teize me;*

D 2

Cease

Con quel Parlar noioso

Non disturbarmi, importuna, il mio Riposo.

NICE.

“ Dunque tanto abborrisci,

“ Crudel,’ gli affetti miei?

ENDI.

“ Se di Amor’ m’intendessi, io ti amerei.”

NICE.

Tu di Amor’ non t’intendi? E come, ingrato,

Chiudi in quei Rai lucenti

Tant’ Ardor,’ tanto Fuoco, e tu no’l senti?

ENDI.

“ Indarnò, o bella Nice,

“ Ingrato tu mi chiami;

“ Se amar’ non ti poss’io, da me che brami?

NICE.

“ E pur’ si vil’ non sono.

“ Non han’ queste Foreste

“ Ninfa di me piu fida, e forse ancora

“ Vi è chi amando si strugge al mio Sembiante,

ENDI.

“ Ma non per questo Endimione è amante.

A R I A IV.

“ Dimmi, che vaga sei,

“ Dimmi, ch’ai fido il Cuore,

“ Ma non parlar’ di Amore

“ Ch’io non ti ascolterò,

“ Sol’ Cacciator’ son’ io,

“ Le Fere attendo al varco;

“ Fuor’ che gli Strali e l’ arco,

“ Altro piacer’ non ò,”

NICE.

Se provassi una volta

Il Piacer’ che ritrova

Nell’

Cease, with thy fruitless Importunity,
To make my Life uneasy — — —

N Y S A.

— — — — — “What, inhuman!
“Is my Affection, then, so odious to thee?”

E N D Y.

“If I but knew what’s meant by Love, perhaps
“I might love Thee” — — — — —

N Y S A.

— — — Thou, not know what Love means!
Alas, ingrate, how can those radiant Eyes
Contain such Fires, and thou alone not feel them?

E N D Y.

“Vainly, fair Nysa, call’st thou, Me, ingrate —
“What woud’st thou, since I have not power to love thee?”

N Y S A.

“And yet — I am not so contemptible —
“No Nymph thro’ these wide Forests can compare
“With me, for Constancy — and tho’ Thou slight’st me,
“There want not other Swains perhaps, who languish,
“Who pine and sigh in vain for Nysa’s Charms.

E N D Y.

“Yet, in Endymion, These excite no love — —

A I R IV.

“Boast thy Truth and vaunt thy Graces,
“Pleas’d I listen to thy Praises,
“But of Love I will not bear:
“Hunter am I; my delight
“Is to point my Shafts aright
“Against the Boar and Deer.”

N Y S A.

Had’st thou once tasted the supream Delight
Of mutual Love, thou quickly would’st forget

Thy

Nell' esser' riamato un' Cuore Amante;
 Ti scorderesti allora
 Fra quei teneri sguardi,
 E le felve, e le fere, e l'arco, e i dardi.

ENDI.

Quando l' arco abbandoni,
 O non pensi alle fere un' sol' momento,
 Di amar' farò contento.

NICE.

" E frattanto degg'io
 " Così morir' pensando?

ENDI.

" No; vivi, o bella Ninfa,
 " O se morir' ti piace,
 " Lascia ch' Endimion' sen' viva in Pace."

NICE.

Chi la tua Pace offende?

ENDI.

— — — — — i Detti tuoi.

NICE.

" Nemmeno udirmi vuoi"? t'intendo, ingrato;
 " Forse il mirarmi ancora
 " Ti farà di tormento;
 " Restati: e teco resti
 " Quella Pace, o Crudel, che a me togliești!

A R I A V.

" Nell' amorosa face
 " Del ciglio lusinghier'
 " Tu porti il Nume Arcier'
 " Ma non nel Cuore.
 " Allor' che nel tuo Volto
 " Tutto il Piacer' volò,
 " Nell' Alma ti restò
 " Tutto l'Orrore.

[parte.

SCENA

*Thy former self; and, in the bland Exchange
Of tender Glances, soon the Woods, the Game,
The Bow and Shafts wou'd be absorpt and lost.*

ENDY.

*When I forsake the Bow, or cease, one instant,
To think of Game, I'll then consent to love.*

NYSA.

" And must I perish in Despair, the while?"

ENDY.

" No: live fair Nymph — or if thou chuse to die,

" Suffer Endymion to live on, in Peace."

NYSA.

Who hurts thy Peace — — —

ENDY.

— — — Thou, with thy fulsome Speeches.

NYSA.

" Grudge me the bearing!" — Ah, relentless Savage!

" Perhaps my Presence too, is irksome to thee — —

" I go; stay thou, and ever with thee stay

" That heart-felt Peace whereof thou'st plunder'd me!

AIR V.

" In thy soft bewitching Glances,

" Love delighted, sports and dances,

" But is banish'd from thy Heart;

" In thy Smiles lies all his Treasure

" Of fond Hope and promis'd Pleasure

" In thy Frowns, his real Smart.

[goes out.

SCENE

 SCENA QUINTA.

 ENDIMIONE, AMORE *a parte.*

ENDI.

“ Lode al Ciel, che partissi;
 “ Or’ posso, al mio talento,
 “ Nel molle erbofo letto,
 “ Dolce posar’ l’affaticato Fianco.”

O come al sonno alletta
 Quella leggiadra Aurette!
 Deh, vieni amico sonno,
 E dell’ onda di Lete
 Spargendo il ciglio mio
 Tutti immergi i miei Sensi in dolce oblio.

[dorme.]

AMO.

Di queste antiche Piante
 Sotto l’opaco orrore
 “ Tu dormi, Endimion’, ma veglia Amore.
 “ Or’, or’, vedrem’, per prova,
 “ Se il tuo Rigor’ ti giova,”
 Ma da lungi rimiro
 La Dea del primo Giro:
 Voglio di quell’ Alloro
 Fra le frondi occultarmi,
 E de gli oltraggi loro
 Con leggiadra vendetta or’ vendicarmi.
 “ Alme, che amor’ fuggite,
 “ Tutte ad amor’ venite;

Non



SCENE THE FIFTH.

ENDYMION, CUPID *concealed.*

ENDY.

"Thanks to the Gods! She's gone:—Now at my Ease,

"On the soft Verdure of this mossy Bed

"I calmly may compose my wearied limbs."—

The gentle Zephyr!—how it lulls to slumber!—

Come Sleep benign! and with Lethean drops

Sprinkling my Brow, in sweet Oblivion plunge

My languid sense — — — —

[falls asleep.

CUP.

— — — — — Beneath the spreading Shade
Of these old Oaks Endymion sleeps profound;

"Endymion sleeps—but watchful Cupid wakes."

"Now, Swain, prepare to prove how unavailing,

"'Gainst Me, are all thy rigours and indifference.—

But see, the regent of the Lunar orbit

Advances at a distance—I, ensconc'd

Behind this Laurel-thicket, will observe them;

Of their late Scorn a sportive pleasing Vengeance

Will take, and vindicate my outrag'd Deity.

"Ye hearts averse to Cupid, all attend

"At Cupid's Summons: He not, Now, his darts

OTTA

E

As

- “ Non più, com' ei solea,
 “ Asperse di Veleno à le faette,
 “ E son' soave ancor' le sue Vendette.

ARIA VI, ENDYMION

- “ Quell' Alma severa
 “ Che Amor non intende,
 “ Se pria non si accende
 “ Non spera goder'.
 “ Per me, son' gradite
 “ Ancor' le Catene;
 “ E in mezzo alle Pene
 “ Più bello è il Piacer'.

CORO de' AMANTI fortunati.

- “ Lode, Giubilo, Honore
 “ Al' gran' Nume del Amore!
 “ Chi Mercede
 “ Della Fede
 “ Da, a cui si deve dar';
 “ A Chi sue leggi adora:
 “ Ma vuol' che l' Alma ancora
 “ Impari a sospirar'.

Fine del Atto primo.

ATTO

" *As Erst, in Venom dips : and there's a sweetness*

" *Even in his Revenge.*

AIR VI.

" *Let not the savage stubborn Breast*

" *Rebellious Foe to soft Desire*

" *Hope, in Enjoyment to be blest,*

" *Till it have caught the tender Fire.*

" *Love can the Loss of Liberty*

" *Convert to countless Gain ;*

" *That Captive sighs not to be free*

" *Whose Bliss lies in his Chain :*

" *And pure Joy*

" *Wou'd soon cloy ;*

" *For Pleasure is sweeter when zested with Pain.*

CHORUS of successful LOV RS.

" *Honour, Triumph, festal Joy*

" *Pay We to the winged Boy.*

" *He his faithful Vor'ries knows*

" *And rewards, where due, bestows ;*

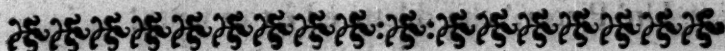
" *But his equal Laws ordain*

" *We shou'd sigh e'er we obtain :*

" *For, Who will pluck of Bliss the Rose,*

" *Must feel the Thorn whereon it grows*

End of the first Act.



ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE THE FIRST.

DIANA, CUPID *concealed*, ENDYMION *asleep*.

[*Accompanied Recitative.*]

DIA.

“ **S**YLVIA, Eliza, ho! Lycoris, have ye,
 “ At the same instant, all withdrawn ye from me?
 “ But hold — What have we here? a Forrester
 “ Stretch’d fast asleep along the flow’ry Brink
 “ Of this clear placid Stream; if I mistake not,
 “ One of my Train too! — in profound Repose
 “ Quite swallow’d up, how sweetly doth he breathe!
 “ Those twining Shoots which, leafy, shade his Face;
 “ That prattling Rill which, hollow-murm’ring sooths
 “ His gentle Slumber, and just licks his Foot;
 “ That little wanton Breeze which fans and scatters,
 “ Entangling, his curl’d Locks; ye Gods! what Graces
 “ Do they contribute to his beauteous Form!

“ Ah sportive Zephyrs, who around him play,
 “ For pity, wake him not. What strange Emotions

Rise

“ Che nel mirarlo io sento

“ Un' Piacer, che diletta ed è tormento!

ENDI.

“ Nice, lasciami in pace — o Ciel! che miro?”

Cintia, mia Dea, perdona

L'involuntario errore:

Seguia l'incauto Labbro

Del sonno ancor' l'immagine fallace. —

(“ Quanto quel Volto, o Dio! quanto mi piace.”)

DIA.

“ Tu mi guardi e sospiri!

ENDI.

(“ Aimè, che dirò mai?)

“ Quel sospiro innocente

“ Era figlio del sonno, e non di amore.”

DIA.

Tu non richiesto ancora,

Di un' Delitto ti scusi

Che ti rende piu caro all' Alma mia.

“ Lascia, lascia il timore,

“ E se amante tu sei, parla di Amore.

ARIA I.

ENDI.

“ Non so dir' se sono Amante;

“ Ma so ben' che al tuo sembiante

“ Tutto Ardore

“ Pena il Cuore.

“ E gli è caro il suo Penar’.

“ Su'l tuo Volto, s'io ti miro,

“ Fugge l' Alma in un' Sospiro,

“ E poi riede nel mio Petto

“ Per tornare a sospirar’.

DIA.

I. " Rise in my Bosom, whilst I gaze upon him!
 " A Pleasure which delights at once and pains me.

ENDY. [waking.]

" Ab Nyssa, plague me not — leave me in peace —
 " What do I see?" Diana; oh my Goddess!
 Pardon me this involuntary Error —
 My giddy Tongue — alas it did but trace
 The visionary Image of my Dream —

" Gods, what consummate Beauty! how it charms me!

DIA.

" Thou look'st at me and sigh'st — — —

ENDY.

" — — — (What shall I say?)

" An harmless sigh! the Child of Sleep, not Love." —

DIA.

Unblam'd thou strive'st t' extenuate a Fault
 Which, if avow'd, wou'd more endear thee to me.

" Be bold; Cast off these vain debasing Fears,

" And if thou be'st a Lover, own thy Passion.

AIR I.

ENDY.

" Novice in Love, I cannot tell

" Whether, What for thy Charms I feel

" Be Love, or no;

" But, with fierce Fires my Spirits glow,

" Which tingling shoot from Vein to Vein,

" And there's a kind of Pleasure in the Pain.

" To thy celestial Eyes,

" Wafted on Sighs

" My Soul enraptur'd flies;

" But meeting there no Rest,

" Flies back to it's own Breast:

" Thence soon, delighted with it's Chain,

" To thine returns—to pant and sigh again.

DIA.

D I A.

“ Non più, mio Ben', son' vinta :”

Quest' Alma innamorata

Di dolce Stral' piagata,

Come a sua Sfera intorno a te s' aggira;

E Diana, cor' mio, per te sospira.

E N D I.

Ma chi fa, qual' si asconda

Senso ne' detti tuoi?

D I A.

Tu temi, Endimione?

So, che ancor' ti spaventa

Di Calisto la sorte,

O d' Atteon' la Morte.

Ma più quella non sono

Si rigida e severa.

“ Non temer, Idol' mio,

“ Te solo adoro, e la tua Fè vogli'io.

E N D I.

“ Ah Cintia! io non ti credo;

“ Perdona i miei timori,

“ Scusa i difetti miei:

“ Se Diana non fossi, io t'amerei.

D I A.

“ Crudel,' così di un' Nume

“ Tu schernisci gli Affetti?”

Pria l'Amor' mi prometti

Poi mi nieghi l'Amore;

El misero mio Cuore

Ritrova in un' istante,

Ma

DIA.

"Thou hast prevailed, my Love—" this Heart enamour'd,
Pleas'd with its sweet Captivity, to Thee
As to its Center tends; it rolls around thee;
And great Diana for thy Beauties sighs.

ENDY.

What dubious Meaning do thy Words conceal?

DIA.

Endymion, doubt'st thou still? I see thou fear'st
Calisto's Fate or rash Actæon's Death — —
Alas! I am no longer That Diana,
So rigid, so precise—"fear not, thou lov'd One,
"My Heart entire, without Reserve I give thee;
"And in exchange demand thy Heart and Faith."

ENDY.

"Ah Cynthia! still I tremble to believe.
"Pardon my Awe; forgive my want of Faith —
"Wert thou a Mortal, wert thou not Diana,
"Sure I cou'd dare to love thee — — —

DIA.

— — — — — "What obdurate?
"Is't thus thou slight'st a mighty Goddess' Love?"
Love first, thou promis'd'st; now, love deny'st me,
And my distracted heart a dubious Sentence

F

From

Ma con incerta sorte,
 Dal tuo labbro incoostante, e Vita e Morte.
 O mi scaccia, o mi accogli,
 “ Né cominciare, ingrato,
 “ Or' che vedi quest' Alma
 “ Entro la tua Catena,
 “ A prenderti piacer' della mia Pena.

A R I A II.

“ Semplice Fanciulletto
 “ Se al tenero Augelletto
 “ Rallenta il laccio un' poco,
 “ Il fa volar' gioco ;
 “ Ma non gli scioglie ; il Pie
 “ Quel' Fanciullin' tu sei,
 “ Quell' Augellin' son io ;
 “ Il laccio è l'amor' mio
 “ Che mi congiunge a Te.

[parte.

+++++

SCENA SECONDA.

AMORE, ENDIMIONE.

A M O.

“ Endimione, ascolta.”
 Finisce, fra le frondi
 Di quella Siepe ombrosa,
 Una Damma ferita
 Ed il Corso e la Vita;
 Allo Stral' che la punge,
 Ella parmi tua Preda.

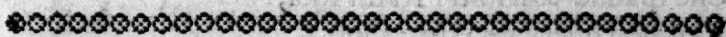
E N D I.

*From thy unsteady tongue receives; at once
Both Life and Death — — Reject me or accept me —
“ Nor, Now, begin, Ungrateful! when thou see'st
“ My constant heart fast-bound within thy Chains,
“ To take a savage Pleasure in my Suff'rings.*

AIR II.

*“ The Boy who, to his captive Bird,
“ Slackens the cord
“ In wanton Play;
“ Suffers it just to ply the Wing,
“ But gives not all the String,
“ To let it fly away.
“ That Boy art thou, That Bird am I,
“ And the restrictive Twine
“ That will not let me fly,
“ Is this fond Love that draws my Soul to thine.*

[goes out.]



SCENE THE SECOND.

CUPID, ENDYMION.

CUP.

*“ Hark ye, Endymion,” close within the Covert
Of yonder thick-set-Hedge a little Fawn
Lies wounded, ending, there, its Light and Life:
And, by the Dart, I judge it is your Prey.*

ENDI.

Amico Alceste,
 Prenditi pur' la Damma,
 'Abbiti pur lo Strale ;
 Che di Dardi e di Fere a me non cale.

AMO.

Ma tu quello non fei
 Che, non a guari, av'rebbe
 Per una Preda, e per un' dardo solo,
 Raggirato di Latmo ogni sentiero?

ENDI.

Altre Prede, altri Dardi ò nel pensiero.

AMO.

" Il fo ; d' amor' sospiri,
 " E Diana é il tuo fuoco."

ENDI.

E d'onde il fai?

AMO.

Da quel' frondoso Alloro,
 Che sponde così folti i Rami suoi,
 Vidi non osservato i furti tuoi.

ENDI.

" E vero, ardo di amore,
 " E comincia il mio cuore
 " Una pena a provar', che pur' gli é cara,
 " E dolcemente a sospirare impara.

AMO.

" Godi il tuo lieto stato ;
 " Più di te fortunato
 " Non an' queste Foreste :
 " Ti basti avere, amando, amico Alceste.

ENDI.

" Se colei, che mi accende,
 " Non delude il Pianto mio,
 " Addio Fere, addio Strali, e selve addio!

DUETTO.

ENDY.

*Thou take him, kind Alceste, and the Dart
Take also: — much unmindful, now, am I
Of Darts or Prey. — — —*

CUP.

*— — — Art thou the same Endymion,
Who, but so late ago, for one lost Arrow,
One Fawn escap'd, wou'd'st every Path have trac'd
That winds round Latmos' heights — — —*

ENDY.

*— — — — a diff'rent Prey
And other Arrows, now, employ my Thoughts.*

CUP.

*" I know it well. Love is your present Care,
" The lovely Cynthian Queen its object" — —*

ENDY.

*— — — — Strange!
Whence know'st it thou? — — —*

CUP.

*— — — — I know it from those Laurels,
Which twine so close their leafy shoots, that thence
I, unobserv'd, observ'd your stoll'n Endearments.*

ENDY.

*" 'Tis true — I burn with love — my artless heart
" Begins to feel a sort of pleasing Pain,
" And learns to vent itself in tender Sighings.*

CUP.

*" Enjoy thy blissful Lot — an happier Swain
" Haunts not these Woods — Alceste's friendly aid
" Shall ne'er be backward to promote thy Love.*

ENDY.

*" If she the heav'nly Fair, who lights my flame
" Delude not with false hope th' aspiring Wish.
" Farewel the Chace! and Darts and Woods adieu!*

DUET.

DUETTO.

ENDI.

“ Se non m'inganna

“ L'Idolo mio,

“ Piú non desio:

“ Piú bel Contento

“ Bramar' non fo,

A M O.

“ Già Preda fiete

“ Del cieco Dio;

“ Son' lieto anch' io:

“ Piú bel Contento

“ Bramar' non fo.

ENDI.

“ Rendo alle Selve

“ Gli Strali e l' Arco;

“ E più le Belve

“ Seguir' non vuó.

A M O.

“ Lascia ad Amore

“ L'Arco e gli strali;

“ Ch'egli in quel Cuore

“ Per te pugnó.

[parte.]

S C E N A T E R Z A.

DIANA, ENDIMIONE.

DIA.

“ Dove, dove ti sprona

“ Il giovanil' Desio,

“ Endimion', cuor' mio? Lascia le traccia

“ Delle fugaci Belve,”

E

DUET.

ENDY.

- " If the Object of my flame
 " Constant prove and ne'er deceive me,
 " I no other Wish can frame:
 " Sweet Content can never leave me.

CUPID.

- " That Thou to the winged Pow'r
 " Art a Captive, joy doth give me,
 " Such, that from this happy hour
 " Sweet Content can never leave me.

ENDY.

- " To the Woods I bestow
 " My Shafis and my Bow,
 " And the Chace never more will pursue.

CUPID.

- " Thy Shafis and thy Bow
 " To Cupid bestow,
 " Who inclin'd Her Affections to You.

[goes out.

SCENE THE THIRD.

DIANA, ENDYMION.

DIA.

- " Whither, oh beauteous Charmer! whither spurs thee
 " Thy youthful Ardour? Quit the low Pursuit
 " Of fugitive wild Beasts;" and here, where tumbling

Adown

E quí, dove cadendo,
 Da quel' alto macigno, l'onda biancheggia,
 E poi divisa in mille
 Lucidissime stille
 Spruzza su'l Prato il cristallino Umor,
 " Meco ti affidi a ragionar' di amore.

ENDI.

" Ovunque io mi rivolga,
 Cintia bella mia Dea,
 Sempre di grave error' quest' Alma è rea.
 Se da te mi allontano,
 Se al tuo splendor' mi accendo,
 " O la tua fiamma, o le tue leggi offendo.

DIA.

" Quai leggi, quale Offesa?

ENDI.

" Condannan' le tue leggi
 " Chi strugge il Cuore all' amoroso fuoco.

DIA.

" Io dettai quelle leggi, io le rivoco.

ENDI.

" Dunque senza timore
 " I cari Affetti tuoi goder mi lice?

DIA.

" Sol' presso al tuo bel' Volto io son' felice.

A R I A III.

" Fra le Stelle, o fra le Piante
 " Cacciatrice, o Nume errante,
 " Senza te non so goder'.

" Nel tuo Ciglio ó la mia Sorte,

" Nel tuo Crin' le mie Ritorte

" Nel tuo Labbro il mio Piacer'.

ENDI.

*Adown that sleepy Crag the Riv'let foams,
And thence in thousand sparkling drops dispers'd
Sprinkles with Chrystal Dew the verdant Lawn,
" Let us sit down and tell soft tales of Love."*

ENDY.

*O Cynthia, lovely Goddess of my Soul!
" Whither so'er I turn me," do I find
This Heart still guilty of some grievous Error.
For, whether from thy presence I withdraw me,
Or near thy Splendour catch new fires, " I sin
" Either against thy Statutes or thy Love.*

DIA.

" What Sin? what Statutes? — —

ENDY.

*— — — — Thy too rig'rous Statutes
" Condemn the heart that wastes in Cupid's flame.*

DIA.

" 'Twas I who dictated — and I revoke them.

ENDY.

*" And is't then giv'n me, Charmer, to possess
" And, without fear, to revel in thy Beauties?"*

DIA.

" Absent, from thine, Diana knows no joy.

AIR III.

*" Amid the Stars by Night,
" Amid the Woods by Day,
" Huntress or Planet bright,
" I pine, if thou'rt away.
" Thine Eye controuls my Fate,
" Thy Tresses are my Chains,
" And from thy Lips, I wait
" The Balm of all my Pains.*

G

ENDY.

ENDI.

O quanta invidia av'ranno
De' miei felici amori
I compagni Pastori!

DIA.

O quanta maraviglia
Da' nuovi Affetti miei
Riceveran' gli Dei!
Ma di lor' non mi cale —
Riposi pur sicura
Venere, in grembo al suo leggiadro Adoni;
Dal gelato Titone
Fugga l' Aurora, e per le Greche arene
Si stanchi appresso al' Cacciator', di Atene:
Io le Cure, o i Diletti
Non turbo a questa, e non invidio a quella;
Della lor' la mia Fiamma è assai più bella.

ENDI.

“ Mio Nume, Anima mia!
“ Poiche il tuo Cuore in dono
“ Con sì prodiga mano oggi mi dai,
“ Non mi tradir', non mi lasciar' giammai.

DIA.

“ Io lasciarti? Io tradirti?
“ Per te medesimo il giuro,”
O de' Conforti miei dolce Tormento,
O de' Tormenti miei dolce Conforto,
“ Sempre qual' più ti piace,
“ A te farò vicina,
“ Cacciatrice mi brami, o Peregrina.

Má

ENDY.

*What jealous Envy, 'mongst my fellow-Swains,
Will my blifs-crowned Love stir up against me!*

DIA.

*And, what astonishment, amongst the Gods,
Will coy Diana's new-born Flame create!
But I not heed them—Now, secure let Venus
Loll fondly on her lov'd Adonis' Bosom;
Aurora, fly Titonus' ic'd embrace
And pant fatigu'd along the Attick Strand
Close by her dear Athenian Hunter's Side;
I, nor this Goddess' Cares will interrupt,
Nor envy That her joys—My beauteous object
To Their's superiour, as to Their's my Love.*

ENDY.

*"O my Divinity! my Soul's bright Idol!
" (Since with so lavish hand thou hast bestow'd,
" This day, on me, thy Heart,) Promise, that never
" Thou wilt betray me, never wilt forsake me.*

DIA.

*"I, leave thee!—I, betray thee?—By thy self,"
 (The lov'd Tormenter of my choicest Comforts,
 The darling Comforter of my sweet Torments.)
 "By thy dear self, I swear, that in which Quality
 "Soe'er thou wishest for her, thy Diana,
 "Huntress or Planet, ever will be near thee —*

Mà viene la nostra pace
 A disturbar' quell' importuno Alceste:
 " Partiamo, Endimion'.

ENDI.

" Vanne, mia Diva;
 " In tanto io, della Caccia,"
 Co' miei fidi Compagni,
 Che mi attendono al Monte,
 " Vado a dîsciorre il concertato Impegno.

DI A.

" Dunque così da me lungi ten' vai?
 ENDI.

" Parto da te per non partir' più mai.

A R I A IV.

" Vado, per un' momento,
 " Lungi da te, mio Ben';
 " Ma l'Alma, nel mio Sen',
 " Meco non viene.

" Di quelle
 " Luci belle

" Nel dolce Balenar',

" Rimane a vagheggiar'

" Le sue catene. [parte.

SCENA QUARTA:

AMORE, DIANA.

AMO.

" Ferma, Diana, ascolta."

DI A.

E ardisci ancora

Chiamarmi a nome, e comparirmi innanzi?

AMO.

Deh! lascia, o bella Dea, lo sdegno, e l'ira;

Gia

But see! how importunately, to molest us
Alcestes comes — “depart we hence, Endymion.

ENDY.

“Go then, my Goddess; whilst I,” to the mountain
(Where my Companions at this hour attend me)

“Haste to break off our Party for the Chace.

DIA.

“Alas! and dost thou leave me thus, my Love?

ENDY.

“I leave thee, Now, never to leave thee more.

AIR IV.

“From my Treasure forc’d to part

“Yet I leave behind my Heart:

“With Her it remains,

“By her Eyes’ lucid Fire

“To caress and admire

“It’s lov’d Chains.

[goes out.]

SCENE THE FOURTH.

CUPID, DIANA.

CUP.

“Hold, Cynthia; stay and hear me.” — —

DIA.

— — — — — dar’st thou still.

Call me by name and thus appear before me?

CUP.

O lay aside, fair Goddess, thy Resentment:

Bebold

Già dell' error' pentito
A te ne vengo ad implorar' perdono.
Più di amor' non ragiono,
Anzi tecò detesto
Il suo Stral', la sua face,
Che giammai non si apprende a cuor' gentile,
Ma solo a' pensier' basso, ad Almà vile.
Non rispondi, o Diana ?

D I A.

O nemico, o compagno,
Eguale importuno ogn'or' mi sei.
Quel' ardito tuo Labbro,
Quel' Volto contumace
Sempre pugne e Saetta, o parla, o tace.

A M O.

Potrebbe a questi detti arder' di sdegno
Ninfa di amore infana :
Ma la casta Diana
A più sublime il Cuore,
Siegue le fere e non ricetta Amore.

D I A.

Troppo m'irriti, Alceste,
E pure a tante Offese
Non oso vendicarmi :
Tu mi accendi allo Sdegno, e mi disfarmi.

A M O.

“ Sè il perdon' mi concedi,
“ Due Rei ti scoprirò chi fanno Oltraggio
“ Amando, alle tue leggi.

D I A.

“ Chi mai l'ira non teme
“ Della mia destra ultrice ?

A M O.

*Behold, repentant for my errors past,
I cast me at thy feet imploring Pardon.
No more Love's advocate, but Cynthia's Convert,
With her, his Torch and Quiver I detest
Illusions ever scorn'd by noble Souls,
Only by sensual grow'ling Minds receiv'd —
Thou answer'st not, Diana! — — —*

D I A.

— — — — — *Foe or Follower*

*Thou'rt ever equally vexatious to me —
That surwy Tongue, that contumacious Front,
Speaking or silent always shock or sting.*

C U P.

*My Words, perhaps, might fret some heart-sick Maid
With love distracted: — but, the chaste Diana
Boasts sentiments more elevated — she
Is constant to the Chace and Love rejects.*

D I A.

*Insufferable are these Provocations,
Yet, thus affronted, dare I not revenge —
Thou kindest me to rage and then disarm'st me.*

C U P.

*" Grant but my Pardon, then — and I'll discover
" Two Criminals who now resign their hearts,
" In bold defiance of thy Laws, to Love.*

D I A.

" Are there, who dread not my avenging Arm?

C U P.

A M O.

“ Endimione e Nice.

D I A.

“ Endimione ?” e come ?

A M O.

Or che da te si parte, egli sen' corre,
 Dove Nice l' attendea,
 Fra quelli ombrosi Allori
 A ragionar' de' suoi furtivi amori.

D I A.

Ah, che pur' troppo il diffi,
 Che Nice ardea di amore! adesso, intendo
 Perchè da me l' Ingrato
 Sollecito parti. “ Ma, a Stige giuro,
 “ Nemmen' l' istesso amore
 “ Liberar' il potrà dall' ira mia.”

A M O.

Se non fossi Diana,
 Direi che tanto Sdegno è Gelosia.

D I A.

Insolente, importuno,
 Dacchè viddi in quel' Punto
 Quel' Volto tuo fallace,
 Non à più l' Alma mia riposo, o Pace.

[parte.

S C E N A Q U I N T A.

A M O R E *solo.*

“ Cingetemi di alloro;” in quell' Offese
 Io veggio i miei Trionfi, il Regno mio;
 E “ quei gelosi Sdegni
 Son' del mio Fuoco e le scintille, e i segni.”

A R I A

CUP.

"Yes; Nyssa and Endymion — — — —

DIA.

— — — — "How, Endymion!"

CUP.

'Soon as he left Thee, eagerly he ran
To where amid'st those shady Laurels Nyssa
Waited his coming, there to regulate
Their stol'n amours — — — —

DIA.

— — — — Said I not true, that Nyssa
Was stung by love? — — ay, now I see the reason
Why false Endymion made such haste to leave me,
"But, by the stream of sacred Styx I swear,
"Not Love himself shall save him from my Vengeance."

CUP.

Had any other, than the chaste Diana,
Betray'd this rage, I'd call'd it jealousy — —

DIA.

Galling and Insolent! — — from the first moment
That I set eyes on that fallacious Visage
My soul hath never known repose or peace.

[goes out.

SCENE THE FIFTH.

CUPID alone.

"Crown me with Laurels!" — these Invectives speak
My Triumphs, and proclaim my sov'reign Rule:
And "these Eruptions of a jealous rage
"Are but the Sparks and Tokens of my Fire.

H

AIR V.

A R I A V.

A M O.

“ Se si accende in fiamme ardenti

“ Selva annosa, esposta a i Venti

“ Arde, stride, e fin' le stelle

“ Va co'l fumo ad oscurar'.

“ Tale ancor' di Amore il fuoco

“ Poco splende ed arde poco,

“ Se non vien' geloso sdegno

“ Le faville a palefar'.

[parte.]

CORO de' AMANTI 'sfortunati.

“ D' Amor' nel Regno

“ Non v'è Contento

“ Che del Tormento

“ Non sia minor?

“ Si scorge appena

“ Felice speme,

“ Che nuova Pena

“ La turba ancor'.

Fine del Atto secondo.

ATTO

AIR V.

CUP.

- " If fire some lofty Forest seize,
 " The driving Wind, with force increas'd,
 " It's rage from Tree to Tree conveys
 " And spreads the wide-destructive waste:
 " Crackling, Rending,
 " Flames ascending;
 " Sparks with spirey flashes rise
 " And curling Clouds of Smoke obscure the Skies
 " Like this Love's secret Fire scarce glows
 " At first, nor Flames nor Sparkles shows,
 " Till jealousy's fierce Tempests raise
 " And blow the Embers to a Blaze.

[goes out.]

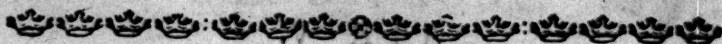
CHORUS of unsuccessful LOVERS.

- " How hard the conditions of Love's tyrant reign!
 " Short moments of Pleasure, long ages of Pain.
 " With feeble Ray
 " If Hope assay
 " To gild the dreary scene;
 " Black Disappointments crowd between,
 " And crosses intervene
 " To blind it's languid Gleam of Day.

End of the second Act.

H 2

ACT



A T T O T E R Z O.

S C E N A P R I M A.

N Y S A A M O R E.

N I C E.

O DIMI Alceste.

A M O.

Ah, Nice!

Lascia ch'io vada.

N I C E.

Dove?

A M O.

Un' indegno a ferir', che mi rapisce

La mia Fiamma, il mio Foco.

N I C E.

Come, amante tu sei?

A M O.

E sì grand' è l'ardore,

Che non à più di me l' istesso Amore.

N I C E.

Dimmi il Rivale almeno.

A M O.

Endimione.

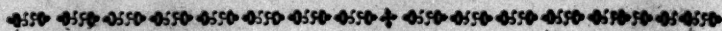
N I C E.

Endimione? oh Dio!

Fermati Alceste, aspetta.

A M O.

Faranno i Dardi miei la mia Vendetta. [parte.]



S C E N A S E C O N D A.

N I C E *sola.*

" Oh, qual' contrasto fanno

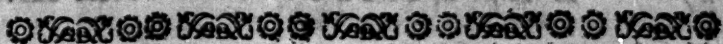
" Nell' agitato petto

" Amore, Gelosia, rabbia, e Dispetto!"

Sì, sì, di quell' Ingrato

Io, di mia man', vuol lacerare il seno: —

Ah,



ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE THE FIRST.

NYSA, CUPID.

NYSA.

HEAR me, Alcestes. — — — —

CUP.

— — — — Nysa, let me go — —

NYSA.

Whither? — — — —

CUP.

— — — — to rob of Life a worthless Traytor
Who hath robb'd me of, more than Life, my Love.

NYSA.

Hast Thou a Flame, too? — — — —

CUP.

— — — — ay, and so much Flame
Not Love himself hath more — — — —

NYSA.

— — — — but, name thy Rival.

CUP.

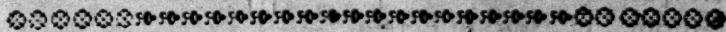
Endymion — — — —

NYSA.

— — — — O ye Gods! Endymion! — stay,
Alcestes, stop — — — —

CUP.

— — — — my Vengeance ne'er shall stop,
Until my Spear have wreak'd it in his Heart. [goes out.



SCENE THE SECOND.

NYSA alone.

" Oh, what outrageous Passions tear,

" With conflict dire, this tortur'd Breast!

" By Love and Jealousy, Rage and Despair

" at once possess."

Yes — with these very hands I'll rend

The Heart of this obdurate Fiend —

But

Ah, che parlo? infelice!

Se a me fuor' ch' adorarlo altro non lice?

“ Amor', tiranno Amore,

“ Tu mi nieghi quel' Cuore,

“ E nemmen' vuoi lasciarmi

“ Il misero Piacer' di vendicarmi.

A R I A I.

“ O fa che m'ami

“ L'Idolo amato,

“ O i miei Legami

“ Disciogli, Amor',

“ Vano è l'Affetto,

“ Se quel' ingrato

“ Solo à diletto

“ Del mio Dolor'.”

+++++

S C E N A T E R Z A:

ENDIMIONE, NICE.

ENDI.

Mi addita, o bella Nice,

Se pur' ti é noto, dove n'andó Diana.

NICE.

Tu di Diana in traccia?

“ O come ben' dividi

“ Fra Diana ed Amore i tuoi pensieri!”

ENDI.

Di qual' amor' favelli?

Sai pur', che son' le Fere

Il mio sommo Diletto.

NICE.

Se volgi altrove il Cuore,

Lasci le fere, e vai seguendo Amore;

Se porti a me le piante,

Allor' sei Cacciator', ma non Amante.

ENDI.

But whither does my Reason rove?

I can do nought, alas! but love.

Love, tyrant Love to all my Sighs

“ That Heart denies;

“ Nor will allow me in exchange

“ The miserable Comfort of Revenge.

AIR I.

“ Cupid, in pity, touch his Heart;

“ Let us Both feel equal Pains:

“ Let me to Him my flame impart;

“ Fasten His, or Loose my Chains.

“ Vain is tender Inclination,

“ Vainly do I sigh and languish,

“ If the Object of my Passion

“ Takes delight in all my Anguish.”

+++++

SCENE THE THIRD.

ENDYMION, NYSA.

ENDY.

Inform me, beauteous Nysa, if thou knowest,

Which way Diana pass'd. — — —

NYSA.

— — — — Diana pass'd!

So then! thou art in quest of her! “ how sweetly

“ Do Love and bright Diana share thy Thoughts!”

ENDY.

What's this thou rav'st of Love? learn once for all,

The Chace is all my Love, my chief delight.

NYSA.

Whene'er thy Heart to other Beauties tends,

Soon is the Chace neglected; Love pursu'd:

But if to me Chance guide thy Steps, the Lover

Is straight put off, the Hunter resum'd.

ENDY.

ENDI.

Se fai dunque eh' io peno in altro laccio,
 Perché turbi, con questa
 Inutile Querela, la tua pace
 E la mia? " Siegui chi t'ama,
 " Fuggi chi ti disprezza :
 " Se pretendi ch'io t'ami
 " Contro il Voler' del Fato,
 " Sarai sempre infelice, ed io sempre ingrato."

NICE.

Ammolisci una volta
 Quel tuo cuore inumano.

ENDI.

Ti lagni a torto, e mi lusinghi in vanò.

ARIA II.

" Dall' Alma mia costante
 " Non aspettar' Mercè :
 " Sento Pietà per Te
 " Ma non Amore.
 " Mi accenderebbe il Seno
 " La vaga tua Beltà,
 " S'io fossi in Libertà
 " Di darti il Cuore."

NICE.

Siegui, Barbaro, siegui
 Il tuo Genio crudele ;
 E giacché col' tuo Volto
 Ma' i la Pace rapita,
 Toglimi di tua mano ancor' la Vita.

ENDI.

O Dio! senza Speranza,

Tu

ENDY.

*If then thou know'st that in another's Fetters,
This Heart is bound, why wilt thou thus disturb,
With unavailing Complaints, thine and my Peace?*

"Follow Who loves thee; Who disdains thee, Fly. —

"If thou expect'st that, 'spite of Fate, I love thee,

"Thou must be Wretched still; I still ungrateful."

NYSA.

Alas soften once that hard unfeeling Heart.

ENDY.

Vain thy Caresses and unjust thy Moans. —

AIR II.

"Ever constant to it's Chains

"My faithful Heart remains,

"Nor can thy Flame return:

"With Pity it melts for thy Pains,

"But with Love for thy Love will not burn,

"Thy Beauties must have charm'd it,

"Were it mine, free to bestow;

"Did it not already glow,

"Thy ardour must have warm'd it."

NYSA.

Follow, Barbarian, follow then the Dictates

Of thine inhuman unrelenting Soul;

And since thine Eyes have robb'd me of my Peace,

Let thine hand also rob me of my Life.

ENDY.

O heav'ns! how hopelessly thou plagu'st me, Nysa!

I

Another's

*Another's Chains in willing thralldom bold
This wounded Heart — it is not in my pow'r
To love, nor is it in my Will to slay thee.*

NYSA.

*Hear then my last request — sure, slighter Boon
Was never by despairing Lover crav'd:
Cast on me but one Look; — one parting Sigh,
Feign'd tho' it be, is all the Grace I beg —
Then, tho' thou turn and scorn me, I forgive it.*

ENDY.

Nysa, thou su'st in vain — — —

NYSA.

— — — — — Ab! why in vain?

ENDY.

*Because my constant Heart will ne'er forsake
The object of it's love — — — — —*

NYSA.

*— — — — — Nor can I, thee,
The cruel object of my Love, forsake.
How can'st thou thus remain insensible
To all my Woes, to all my tender Sorrows?*

ENDY.

*Thou art not single in the soft distress,
Nor Nysa's is the only love-pain'd Heart.*

[goes out.]

SCENE THE FOURTH.

DIANA, NYSA.

DIA.

*In vain thou shun'st me, Nysa! thou'rt detected:
Think not, by flight, thou can'st escape my wrath.*

NYSA.

*Chaste Goddess of the woods! in Cupid's snare
I am entangled: I confess it to thee.*

I 2

But

Son' presa, io te'l confesso;
 Ma quest' Alma infelice
 Nell' aspra sua Catena
 Compagna al suo Delitto à la sua Pena.

D I A.

Forse il goder' sicura
 Di Endimion' gli Affetti
 Pena ti sembra al tuo Delitto eguale.

N I C E.

Ah, no: Cintia, t'inganni; ad altra face
 Si strugge Endimione:
 E al doloroso pianto
 Di queste luci meste
 Nemmen' sente pietà.

D I A.

(Faliace Alceste!)
 Ma chi di amor' l' accende?

N I C E.

Io so ch' egli ama,
 Ma non so dir' qual' sia
 L' avventurosa Ninfa
 Che può del Idol' mio
 Gli Affetti meritare.

D I A.

(Quella son' io.)

SCENA QUINTA.

AMORE, DIANA, NICE.

A M O.

Misero Endimione! avranno ancora
 Pietà della tua Sorte
 I tronchi e le Foreste.

D I A.

Cieli! che mai fara?

N I C E.

*But, sure, in harsher Slav'ry wretched Heart
Did never pine! whose each Offence to thee
In the committal meets it's Punishment:*

D I A.

*In thine account, perhaps, the calm Possession
Of thy Endymion's Love is deem'd a Chastisement
Proportion'd to thy Crime. — — — —*

N Y S A:

*— — — — — Ab, Cynthia! no.
Thou dost deceive thyself; some other flame
Consumes Endymion: He, these tear-swoll'n Eyes,
In all their streams of woe, unpitying sees.*

D I A. [*aside.*]

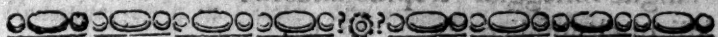
(Traytor, Alcestes!) — who hath, then, inflam'd him?

N Y S A.

*That he's inflam'd, I know; but who, the Nymph
So blest as to deserve my Idol's Flame,
I'm yet to learn. — — — —*

D I A. [*aside.*]

— — — — (That happy She, am I.)



SCENE THE FIFTH.

CUPID, DIANA, NYSA.

C U P.

*Ah, poor Endymion! for thy hapless Fate
Ev'n these waste Forests and these senseless Trunks
Will feel Compassion — — — —*

D I A.

— — — — Heavens above! what's this?

N Y S A.

NICE.

Che parli, Alceste?

AMO.

Nice, Diana, o Dio! nemmeno ò Cuore
Di articular' gli Accenti.

DIA.

Qualche infausta novella!

AMO.

"Giace vicino all' Antro

"Del antico Silvano

"Pallido, e scolorito

"Endimion' ferito."

NICE.

Oì me!

DIA.

Chi fu l' indegno?

AMO.

Un' ispidò Cinghiale

Punto pria dal suo strale

S'avventò pien' di Rabbia

Nel molle Fianco a insanguinar 'le Labbia.

Io vidi (o quale orrore!)

Sovra i funesti giri

Delle candide Zanne

Il sangue rosseggiar' trepido ancora:

Udii quel' infelice

Sparso d'immonda polve

Le molli Gote, e le dorate Chiome,

Replicar' moribondo il tuo bel Nome.

DIA.

Aimè! qual' freddo Gielo

Mi agghiaccia il sangue, e mi circonda il Cuore.

Pietà, Spavento, Amore

Vengon' col' lor' veleno

Tutti in un' punto a lacerarmi il Seno.

Crudo

What saith Alcestes?

N Y S A.

C U P.

O Diana! Nysa!

*Ye Gods! I have not courage to pronounce
The dreadful Words.*

D I A.

What inauspicious Tidings!

C U P.

*"Hard by the mossy Cave of old Sylvanus
"Bloodless and pale Endymion wounded lies."*

N Y S A.

Alas, Alas!

D I A.

By what barbarian band?

C U P.

*A bristly Boar, whom first his Dart had wounded,
Rush'd out, and, fast'ning on his tender Side,
Drench'd in the purple blood his foamy Jaws:
I saw, (oh horrid Sight!) his white curv'd Tusks
With the yet-reeking Gore distain'd; I heard
The hapless Youth (while filth obscene besmear'd
His downy Cheeks and golden Locks disbevel'd)
Redouble, ev'n in Death, thy much-lov'd Name.*

D I A.

*Ab, Woe is me! — What sudden icy Chilness
Freezes my Blood; and creeps about my Heart!
Pity, Affright and Love with all their Pangs
At once assail and rend my tortur'd Bosom.*

O savage Monster, give me back my Life! —
 If thou hast Justice, Jove! permit, that I
 Turn'd Mortal on these fatal Banks expire;
 Unless that Life, wherein I live, be sav'd!

N Y S A.

Ob Nysa, if thou be'st not Adamant,
 Grief now must end thee. — — —

D I A. [*aside.*]

Love hath gain'd the Victory.

C U P. [*aside.*]

And laughs and triumphs.

D I A.

"Oh, if Pity move thee,

"Guide me, Alcestes, guide me to the spot

"Where my Love lies," perhaps not yet quite, dead;

That I, e'er Death for ever veil those Eyes,

From his pale Lips may suck the latest Breath —

N Y S A.

"Stop, Cynthia, see, Endymion's self comes tow'rd Us.

SCENE THE SIXTH.

DIANA, ENDYMION, CUPID, NYSA.

D I A.

"O my below'd, my darling Care, Endymion!

"Thou liv'st and I respire" — alas, what Woe

Thy peril caus'd me! — sit we down, my Love,

And let me see, where thy, where my Wound lies.

E N D Y.

What Wound, my Goddess? other wound on me

Thou wilt not find, save that delicious wound

Which thy bright Eyes on my charm'd heart inflict.

K

D I A.

DIA.

Dunque Alceste menti?

ENDI.

Sì, mio Tesoro:

Le Luci rasserena.

DIA.

“ Io ti stringo, io ti miro, e'l, credo appena.

A R I A III.

“ Chi provato a la Procella,

“ Benchè fugga il Vento infido,

“ Teme ancora, e giunto al lido

“ Gira i lumi e guarda il Mar'.

“ Tal', se a te rivolgo il ciglio,

“ Nel pensier' del tuo Periglio,

“ Il mio Cuore

“ Per Timore

“ Ricomincia a sospirar'.

AMO.

“ Cintia, del tuo timor' l'Alma assicura;”

Quegl' incostanti Affetti,

Quei gelosi Sospetti,

E quanto di Periglio a te depinfi,

Solo per trionfar' Comporsi, e finfi,

DIA.

E tanto ardisce Alceste?

AMO.

“ Io sono Amore.

“ Riconosci in Alceste il tuo Signore.

DIA.

“ Amore!” adesso intendo

I tuoi Scherzi, i tuoi Detti:

“ Io son' Vinta, io son' cieca: ognor' ti vidi

Al

DIA.

Alcestes, then, with lies impos'd upon me?

ENDY.

He did, sweet treasure of my soul! he did:

Clear up those humid Lights.

DIA.

" I clasp thee to me;

" I gaze upon thee; yet my trembling Heart

" Still doubts if its Felicity be real.

AIR III.

" The Merchant, tho' the Storm be o'er,

" And all the Danger past,

" Continues still, tho' safe on Shore,

" A frighted Look to cast

" Back o'er the faithless Main.

" So, while on Thee I turn my eyes,

" Thy Perils fresh before me rise,

" My Heart, 'twixt Terrour and Surprise,

" Renews it's sighs, and pants again.

CUP.

" O Cynthia, reassure thy 'frighted Soul;"

These Infidelities, these jealous Doubts,

Th' alarming Dangers I depictur'd to thee

Were my Contrivance, all; my Forgeries

To render more compleat my Triumph o'er thee.

DIA.

And dar'st thou this, Alcestes?

CUP.

" I am Cupid:

" Thou, in Alcestes, recognize thy Lord.

DIA.

" Cupid!" — ah, now I understand thy Sights

And thy ambiguous words — " I am thy Captive —

" Sure, I was blind: I had thee ev'ry moment

K 2

" Before

“ Al mio sguardo palese,

“ Ne mai, che fosti amor', l' alma comprese.

ARIA IV.

“ Amor', che nasce

“ Colla Speranza,

“ Dolce si avanza,

“ Nè se ne avvede

“ L' amante Cuor'.

“ Poi pieno il trova

“ Di affanni e Pene;

“ Ma non gli giova:

“ Che intorno al piede

“ Le sue Catene

“ Già strinse Amor'.”

Se il tuo laccio è sì caro,

Se così dolce frutto à la tua Pena,

Io bacio volentier' la mia Catena.

A M O.

“ E tu dolente e sola,

“ Nice, che fai?” per così strani Eventi

Meraviglia non senti?

N I C E.

“ Piango la mia Sventura,

“ Che la Mercè del mio Penar' mi fura.

ARIA

" Before my eyes : nor e'er my Mind misgave me
 " That thou wert Cupid — — — — —

AIR IV.

" Love born in Hope, bred up in Joy,
 " Free from Fear and Annoy,
 " It's Growth to destroy,
 " Is fed on placid Smiles ;
 " Nor is the Heart that nurs'd it coy,
 " While thoughtless of it's Wiles.
 " If it, in course of Time, be found
 " With Woe and Anguish to abound,
 " 'Twere bootless and vain
 " To resist or complain ;
 " Cupid hath rivetted the galling Chain,
 " And doth but mock at all the Pain."

But if thy Shackles, Cupid, be so pleasing,
 And such sweet Bliss the Product of thy torments,
 A willing Captive, here, I kiss my Fetters.

CUP.

" But thou, forlorn and solitary, Nyssa !
 " What will become of thee ?" art' not amaz'd
 At these uncommon wonderful Events ?

NYSSA.

" I can but wail my luckless Destiny — — —
 " While others Pains with Happiness are crown'd,
 " Mine their Reward in Misery have found.

AIR

— — — ARIA V.

“ Così talor’ rimira
 “ Fra le Procelle, e i Lampi
 “ Nuotar’ fu l’ onda i Campi
 “ L’ afflitto Agricoltor’
 “ Ne geme, e si lamenta,
 “ E nel suo cuor’ rammenta
 “ Quanto vi sparfe in vano
 “ Di affanno e di sudor’.

DIA.

“ Riconsolati, o Nice,”
 Il mio favor’ ti rendo;
 E purché col mio Bene
 Viver’ mi lasci in pace,
 Ti concedo d’ amar’ chi più ti piace.

“ E noi godiamo in tanto,
 “ Amato Endimione!”
 E costanti, e felici
 Facciam’, con meraviglia
 Di quanti il chiaro Dio circonda, e vede,
 Dolce Cambio fra noi di Amore, e Fede.

E N D I.

“ Sì, mia bella Speranza,”
 Pria la Parca crudele

AIR V.

" So, 'mid the raging Storm,
 " (*When Light'nings Heav'n deform*
 " *And Floods deface the Lands*)
 " Th' afflicted Plowman stands,
 " Sees floating on the ruthless Wave
 " The Harvest he so toil'd to save:
 " He sighs, he groans,
 " Laments, Bemoans,
 " Reflecting, how lost
 " Are his Labour and Cost.

DIA.

" Take comfort to thee, Nyssa." I restore thee
 To my lost Favour — and, so thou but leave me
 The undisturb'd Possession of my Love,
 I give thee leave to love where, else, thou chusest.

" Give we, mean while, a loose to boundless Joy,
 " Belov'd Endymion!" constant still and blest
 In the sweet interchange of Love and Truth,
 Let us, to all th' admiring World, set up
 A bright Example of unfading Fondness!

ENDY.

" We will, my heart's dear Hope!" and, rather Fate,
 With unrelenting hand, in his Joys' dawn.

In su l' Aurora i giorni miei recida
Ch' io da te mi allontani o mi divida!

Amo.

“ Godete, o lieti Amanti!

CORO de' AMANTI fortunati.

“ Fuggan' da noi gli Affanni

“ Di torbido Pensier' :

“ Il Riso ed il Piacer'

“ Ci resti in seno!

“ Nè venga a disturbar',

“ Chi bene amar' desia

“ La fredda Gelosia

“ Co'l suo veleno!”

4 AP 54

F I N E.

Act III. ENDYMION. 36

Clip short his Tread of day, than from his Cynthia
Endymion part!

CUP.

“ Live Lovers and be happy!

CHORUS of successful LOVERS.

“ Anxious Thought and gloomy Care

“ Be from Us removed far!

“ But within our peaceful Breast

“ Mirth and Joy set up their Rest!

“ And be the faithful Lover ever free

“ From the black Poison of sold Jealousy!

T H E E N D.

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